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THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN

OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.

"WELL, IF IT IS GOOD ENOW FOR YOU TO STAND IN, IT'S GOOD ENOW FOR WE TO SIT IN."

THE CHURCH CLOCK.
A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.—CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE clock in the old ivy-clad tower of Hatherstone church, had just given out the hour of four, on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December, 18—, a dull foggy afternoon, with an atmosphere, that seemed close and murky enough for Midsummer—when a child of ten years old, scantily clothed, without shoes or stockings, and nothing on to shield her from the weather, but an old shawl, whose colours, from age and wear, had long since faded from the eye in an undistinguished mass of dirt—crept into the old borough town of Hatherstone—from its outskirts apparently—and took refuge under the doorway of an empty house, which faced the newly erected church clock, the pride and glory of the townspeople and of its maker, John Burgess, whose name was over a large shop front opposite the parish church, a position convenient indeed to superintend the progress of his own work. At present, however, the shop of John Burgess was shut, being Christmas Eve, on which occasion, only those shops selling articles of necessity, or demand for the morrow, were kept open, and very little trade was going forward in them, for that day a market had been held in Hatherstone, and few, except the poorest, had left wants unsupplied or unthought of.

The friendless little girl, had, however—previous to sheltering herself from the weary streets—looked in at some of these shops with an eager, wistful gaze—not into those, indeed, that sold sweetmeats and cakes, for the exhibition of Christmas dainties was by no means wanting in the old town—but into the principal baker's, whose new crisp loaves, white, brown, and fancy, were spread in tempting abundance in the plate glass window, the central part of which was adorned with a huge plum-cake, of a manufacture peculiar to Hatherstone, and for which Mr. Yeast, the baker of the High-street, possessed a patent of perfection. One slice of this tempting compound was cut, to show its inside richness, redolent of plums, currants, almonds, candy, and every other sweetness a cake could boast. Long the weary child lingered, thinking how delicious it must taste, and then limited her wishes to one of the new yellow, crusty, twopenny loaves, which were spread out in ample abundance for those who might have twopence wherewith to feast. Alas! not one farthing had she.

At the butchers too, pies of savoury country pork, and large brown sausages had been baked and fried in honour of the Eve; and the little wanderer had the further torture of witnessing passers by purchase the tempting meats, and devour them almost before they left Mr. Pluck's shop. No one, however, took notice of her famished looks, and after a sigh, she at last turned away. Once she had been sorely tempted—blame her not—hunger is a terrible thing to wrestle with—once, she had been tempted to stretch forth her hand, and take one of those substantial looking pies, hot and bubbling over with rich gravy. She might have done it with impunity, for people were too busy to watch or notice this poor child—but suddenly she checked herself, and with a shudder, looking up at the gloomy sky—she murmured a little prayer taught us by One who Himself was tempted—

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

It was then she shrank into the doorway opposite Hatherstone church clock, and seeing a board with "to let" hang over the door, trusted that she might here escape notice, and so lose the sharp sense of grief and hunger in sleep.

As she cowered down into a corner, the clock, with a loud and distinct bell, which might be heard—the wind being in the proper quarter—five miles beyond Hatherstone, struck five. It was already quite dark, and yet, gradually the High-street became more and more crowded. Folks came to stare at the gaily tricked shops—the draper's, the hair-dresser's, above all, the greengrocer's, whose shop was a perfect paradise of green boughs, mistletoe branches, and flowers cut out of turnips and carrots, and who exhibited likewise a monster Christmas tree. Coloured lamps adorned this tree, now minus of the pretty presents which on the morrow were destined to be hung from its boughs Rustic groups were assembled to see this brave Christmas show. Happy children, who had a home on Christmas-day, and kind loving parents to indulge and guard them. So thought the childish pilgrim, as vacantly she gazed through the twilight at the sounding clock, and heard the boys shout "Hurrah for the Christmas tree." Then a thought came—born of those Christmas Eve angels, who watched that forlorn child, as centuries ago they had watched a young babe in a manger at Bethlehem. "And I, too, have a parent in heaven, who at this moment guards me, watches me, and loves me better than earthly parents can love—and who will not forsake me, while I do right and follow His commandments." As she thought thus, she took from the ragged folds of her dress a small volume, which gave evidence it too had been well worn. It was in shape and size like a pocket-book, and in very small print, contained a copy of the Holy Scriptures. It was so dark now, that none but eyes very keen and bright could have read in this book, but by the light of the church lamps opposite, the child managed to read a chapter, or rather her eyes fell on part of one, which was so applicable to herself, that she read the words over and over again:—

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

She even felt almost glad she was so hungry, for had she not resisted the sore temptation to be a thief. This little shabby worn book had been with her in many a sorrow; from it she had chiefly learned to read, which she could do fluently, and now she kissed it, and said it was better than food and drink. As she did so, again the clock raised its tones, and chimed six.

Although the busy hum of voices increased during the next two hours, the child, worn out with fatigue,—for she had travelled all day, and still more with hunger, a dry crust and some hips and haws, having formed her sole refreshment for many hours—fell asleep, and, undisturbed, remained in her obscure shelter. There were few enough of police in Hatherstone; and, of the few, none looked her way. She might, perhaps, have slept for hours, but that, as the church clock struck nine, a clang of bells rang out from the grey tower, enough with their noise to have waked the seven sleepers, she woke up, and her dreary gaze fell on the face of the clock, now rendered visible by an illumination of its broad disc. It had an honest and jovial looking countenance, this oracle of Hatherstone, and the child felt as if she looked on the face of a friend. For a time she listened to the peal which, at intervals ceasing, then renewing, wakened all the town of Hatherstone, and bid its inhabitants welcome in the Christmas morning with laugh and festivity. Ballad-singers trotted along the High-street, drunken men sang uproarious songs, anxious housewives were to be seen dragging home their purchases, fat geese, legs of pork, and till ten the whole population seemed astir. After that hour, silence fell over the High-street, and the shopkeepers began to close. Hunger became unendurable. The hitherto patient little sufferer crept out from the dark porch-way, and stole over to Mr. Yeast's, the baker. Mr. Yeast, at that moment, with his own hands, was shutting up his own shop. A large man, with a red face, and a *cold* grey eye, was Mr. Yeast. The child stopped timidly at the doorway; Mr. Yeast was about to enter for another shutter. Some loaves still remained in the window, on the morrow they would be stale, surely he would bestow one to keep a human creature from famishing.

"Please, sir," she began, in a voice very faint from exhaustion—

"Now, then," said Mr. Yeast, "who are you? What d'ye want, eh?"

Mr. Yeast had a hot supper, warm spiced ale and toast, waiting within; and Mrs. Yeast had been urging him to make haste.

"What d'ye want, eh? Can't 'e speak?"

"Please, sir, will you give me some—some bread?"

"Come, be off with you," answered the baker, to this faint request. "Nothing but trampers like you have been at my door to-day. D'ye think because I bake bread, I'm to feed all the beggars in Hatherstone? Go along, or I'll fetch a big cart-whip to 'e, there now."

She clasped her tiny hands, the words of the Book she had recently been reading in came across her memory; and with an impulse arising from desperate want, and a belief that none would resist the influence of the Name, she said,

"Oh, sir, for Christ's sake!"

Mr. Yeast purpled with virtuous indignation. He was unaccustomed to hear that Name, except at evening and morning service. To hear it, coupled with a supplication for food, convinced him the offender was, indeed, a hardened sinner. He drove the child away with a storm of anger, and threats of chastisement for the vice of swearing, and taking the Sacred Name in vain. The child, affrighted, crept back to the dull, cold, porch, on which the clock's radiant face looked benignly down.

For another hour, her own was hidden in her hands, and her lips moved therein, imploring for aid. Meanwhile, Mr. Yeast, the baker, having shut his shop, went in and sat down to a supper of hot roast goose, a custom in his family from time immemorial on Christmas Eve. Surely he had forgotten the words, "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." It could not be that he had never heard them, for Mr. Yeast was a punctual and a zealous church goer.

When the church clock struck twelve, the bells ceased ringing, the light went from the broad dial, and the High-street was silent as a city of tombs. The child came forth from the porch, and looked into the night with a sad, patient face. About that hour there sallied forth, bound for home,—"the Horns" closing religiously at twelve—John Burgess, as respectable a townsman, barring one grievous fault, as any in Hatherstone. Originally, a poor parish boy; by the patronage of a great man of Hatherstone, and his own industry, talent, and perseverance, John had risen to be *somebody* in his native town. He had come at last to the great honour of erecting its church clock, an achievement which had brought to him the guidance and manufacture of half the clocks in the county. He was a great man in parish matters, too, and was not merely well-to-do, but was actually, as far as a warm heart and a generous disposition would allow him, becoming rich. He had though, alas, to counterbalance these virtues, and this prosperity, as we have said before, one grievous fault; John too often drank more ale and strong liquors than was good for him. He used to say as an excuse, that trouble had made him

drink, but this was a poor and weak apology, for it is certain, if all who have trouble as their portion, were to become intemperate thereby, there would be very few sober people at all in the world. John's trouble had been this, he loved a worthy young woman, and just as he was about to marry her, it pleased God to call her, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, to heaven; John was unsettled from that time, and instead of over-coming his grief, he succumbed, and it overcame him.

The squire had talked to him, the rector had lectured him, but John still drank, and if he drowned reflection in the evening, it was only that it should come with tenfold horrors in the morning; and now Christmas Eve had formed a legitimate excuse, he thought, to abuse the sense God had given him, in copious draughts of liberal potations to "a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

John was sallying home, with no other companions than a thick yew stick, and a well-filled pocket, of which latter fact others had a knowledge beside himself.

As the child looked up and down the now silent High-street, cast half into deep shade by the December moon, as if she looked to see if Providence would send her a friend, a man staggered down the street, evidently in the height of jollity; behind him, the child perceived two ruffians following at a stealthy pace. As John Burgess neared the church, they rushed on the unguarded man, and had him stretched on the pavement in less time than the looker on could scream her terror. But that clear childish voice rang piercingly through the night air, and woke many a sleeping inhabitant of Hatherstone, who, blessing themselves, hid under the bed clothes. Meantime she had sprang forth, and as the arm was raised of one ruffian to give the death stroke, while the other stooped to rifle John's pockets, the dauntless little creature flung herself on the fellow's stalwart arm. The action took both men by surprise; John took advantage of it to recover himself, and almost sobered, rose and dealt such effective blows that his assailants were glad to turn and fly, more especially as assistance appeared advancing.

Men with lanterns and staffs appeared—eagerly asking each other what was the matter.

"The matter," says John Burgess, shaking the dust from his clothes, and wiping the blood from his brow, which, when he had fallen flowed from it in abundance, "the matter is, that but for this lass, I should have been *robbed* and *murdered*."

The people muttered amongst themselves that John Burgess was drunk again, and only fancied the thing.

"I tell you," said the man, "what I am saying is true. If I *was* drunk, I am pretty sober now, though hot enough in the head, still, I believe. Where is the child?"

She had crept down by the church gate into the deep shade; she had no wish to be noticed, and as for praise, she had been so often flouted lately, and driven away from men's doors as a vagabond, that she never dreamed of thanks or admiration for her courage.

They looked about, however, and soon found her. John laid his hand on her head, and, excited both with drink and agitation, burst into tears.

"Bless thee, little one," he said, "bless thee, this Christmas Eve, for thou hast saved me from being sent before my Maker with sin hot on my brow. Where do ye come from, my child, and how came it ye were wandering in the streets at midnight? Where are thy parents?"

She hung her head; "She had none now," she said, "Mother had died a week ago, and no one would keep her; the woman beat her one day—and—and—so she ran away."

"How long had she lost her mother?" John enquired again.

"A week—no—stay—it must have been more; there was a week before mother was put into the churchyard, then she was at the woman's where mother died some days, and she used to scour and wash, and her hands bled, and she had walked about for four or five days."

Tears came into the rough men's eyes, as the child told her sad but simple tale.

"Was she hungry?" some one asked.

She held on by the churchyard railings as they spoke; but she now let go, and, clasping her hands earnestly, was about to answer, but nature could bear no more. During the time of her wanderings she had tasted nothing more than dry crusts, begged here and there, and now at this question her head swam, and her sight failed, and she fell to the ground.

"The poor thing is starving; run, run, for something—some wine."

"I've no wine; but here," said John, something abashed, "is a drop of brandy," pulling out of his pocket a pint bottle of the liquor, at which sight, knowing John's prevailing foible, his neighbours laughed in derision. "I only brought it home," said John, with tipsy gravity, for the fumes of the liquor he had drunk began again to work on his brain, "I only brought it home to give Mrs. Halkin a glass, being Christmas-Eve, and, luckily, here it is."

With a few drops they moistened the orphan's lips, and brought her round. Some one gave her a biscuit, and the eagerness with which the poor famished creature devoured it, brought tears again into the strong men's eyes.

"What is to be done with the lass?" some one enquired.

"What is to be done with her! why, I'll tell ye," said John Burgess, who had shared the contents of the brandy bottle among the by-standers, and who had not forgotten to help himself to a glass; "She has saved my life, I'll save hers, poor little lamb! Come, I'll be thy shepherd. We'll rouse Mrs. Halkin, and though she will, may be, rail at first a bit, we'll give thee a good supper and a good bed, and after to-morrow we'll see what is to be done for thee."

"Oh, Sir," she could say no more; she pressed her little book to her heart, and its words, once repeated by her dead mother, flashed on her memory,—"I have been young and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

She had been begging her's for a little while, it was true, but that was over now. She crept to John's side, and taking his hand, carried it meekly to her lips, and then, after sundry good nights from his neighbours, John and his orphan preserver were left alone. And first, Mrs. Halkin had to be aroused, at which proceeding the housekeeper was exceeding wroth, for if her master was ever so tipsy he usually managed to find his way to bed without disturbing her. Now he not only roused her from pleasant dreams, but brought in a vagabond and a tramp, for whom he demanded supper and a bed to be prepared.

But though Mrs. Halkin mostly managed John Burgess and his house, after her own fashion, yet, there were occasions on which he would be master, and this proved to be one of them.

Kate Rodney—for so the child gave her name—ate, for the first time since her mother's death, a plentiful meal—and slept a sound and refreshing sleep, on a comfortable pallet, that stood in a little white-washed spare room, originally destined for an apprentice, but the apprentice had been out of his time some months, and no new one offered, and the room seemed to have been specially reserved for the visitor Providence had conducted to John Burgess's house.

Next morning, John, Sober, saw no cause to repent the action of John, Tipsy. He made indeed many new resolutions to refrain from drink, which were broken on the ensuing night. He questioned the child as to her relatives and friends—but she said her mother had told her they had none. Her father had died in London, in the hospital, and then her mother set out with her, and they walked many days—weeks it might have been, for children have no exact chronology for events—then her poor mother fell ill, and they got a wretched lodging in some country place of whose very name the child was in ignorance; there her parent died, raving and insensible, from a sun stroke received during their wanderings. The parish authorities buried the poor woman, but declined taking charge of her child, and cruelty and ill-treatment drove the orphan to leave the roof, which barely afforded a shelter. He who watches the orphan, guided her steps on that eventful Christmas Eve, to Hatherstone, where, provided with clothes, and treated kindly, for a time we shall leave little Kate Rodney, while we enquire into the history of another and most important inhabitant of Hatherstone.

The British Workwoman,

OUT AND AT HOME.

OUR PUBLICATION.

We have made our first public entry into the curious, captious, criticizing, world. Our first number has been sent forth with many an earnest God-speed. And we rejoice to know that it has been welcomed by many a hearth, read, and re-read, in many a happy home. Workwomen of all grades—ladies of all degrees—have received it kindly, have stretched out to the stranger a hearty helping hand. So have their husbands. We know how in future the skilful workman, who has grown weary with the day's toil, will yet bethink him to call at the booksellers on his way home, and take a copy to the loving help-meet, who makes that home so happy. The son who has not out-grown (God grant that such love may never be out-grown) his early love for the tender mother who has nursed and tended him, will also spend a penny upon "The British Workwoman," and lend his own manly voice to the article he reads to her, whose dear eyes are growing weak and dim with age. And many a father will take our numbers as they appear, to his group of smiling daughters at home, assured that the perusal will be pleasant, and, we trust, profitable.

Of so much we are sure because it has been already done. But we ask our friends—those who are interested in our columns, and really wish us well—to do yet a little more on our behalf.

Some time must necessarily elapse before any new publication can become well-known. Of course, all that can be accomplished by advertisements will be done. But we want our paper *introduced by personal friends*, brought before the people, left for their perusal in their dwellings. What we have to ask of each of our readers, who can conscientiously recommend us, is to be our friend to introduce us to one other person at the least. Perhaps we may be allowed to make a suggestion

Would it not be a shilling well laid out if twelve copies were purchased and circulated? There will be a good opportunity for doing this during the coming festive season. Will our friends kindly remember us when they are selecting their "Christmas boxes?" Would they even go a little farther, and say a good word for us in the circles of their friends?

May we be pardoned for saying one word more—especially directed to employers of young women in workrooms, factories, &c. Will they kindly place our work in the hands of their young people? One word from them will go a great way, because they have influence. Purchasing a few copies they would effectively make us known to those who might otherwise not hear of us; they would be doing a two-fold good. We know how anxious they are for the moral, industrial, and intellectual improvement of their employed, and we pray that our pages may aid their good endeavours.

And in return, it will be ours to do all that lies in our power to make the paper better each month. With the new year several new features will be added, a New Tale commenced, some new subjects enlarged upon, and, we doubt not, a great many new subscribers' names will be enrolled on the list.

"Deeds, not words," is a good motto, yet we may say in words that, by God's help, we will be a blessing to the daughter, the wife, or the mother who shall spend half an hour of her too little leisure in reading the articles which appear in our pages. From honest hearts to honest hearts shall our words pass; God make them as good seed sown in good ground.

GOOD WOMEN.

Only a woman! and what can feeble women do to lighten heavy toil, to guide the erring, to instruct the ignorant, to console the suffering, and to cast something of heaven's own light on a world overgrown with thorns and thistles? What can she do?—what is there, with God's grace in her heart, she cannot do?—what is there morally heroic in the great battle of life, she has not done?

In uncivilized nations, and in the early ages of society, the position which woman occupied, was that of absolute slavery. On her devolved the hardest labour, and the most degrading toil; she carried wood, drew water, planted and reaped, without intermission, and without hope. Man employed his superior strength in compelling obedience. Even among the Jewish people, the practice of polygamy, and the facility of obtaining divorce, became the bane of domestic happiness. Woman, by the ancient world, was not regarded as a part of polite society. Greece, with its boasted wisdom, Rome, with its dazzling glory, conferred no blessing on woman, but as a daughter, a wife, a mother, condemned her to rigorous tutelege, or incessant drudgery. But the introduction of Christianity wrought a marvellous change, the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," shone with peculiar lustre upon woman, elevating her to the position from which she had been thrust, and inspiring her to the attainment of the truest dignity.

The history of the world abounds with instances of woman's heroism, intelligence, and perseverance. Her influence, whether for good or evil, cannot be over estimated; in soothing his worn and jaded spirit, in sympathising with his joys and his sorrows, in sharing his anxieties, and in counselling in difficulty—woman is a help-meet for man. In training the expanding mind of the young, her loving words, her grave advice, her solemn cautions, all tend to mould the future. To ignore the influence of woman, is to close our eyes against a plain fact of every day observation. But beyond the sacred circle of home, and apart from this indirect influence which a good wife, sister, daughter, mother, exerts on all who are brought within it—there is a numerous array—a nobly army—of heroic women, who have exerted all their power in the blessed work of doing good, and whose lives shine as bright jewels, in the ephod of the church, may shine as the stars for ever and ever.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

Among the brave-hearted women whose names will for ever be illustrious, we may allude to Mrs. Fry,* the earnest philanthropist. She was a member of the Society of Friends, in which society females are permitted to become speakers or preachers. Those who minister, they say, do so under the immediate influence of the Spirit of God. That Spirit, as the wind, bloweth where it listeth, and

MRS. FRY VISITING THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE.

women are thus often led to proclaim the word of the Lord. Miriam responded to the song of Moses, Deborah uttered her psalm of praise; Hannah, in the temple poured forth her thanksgiving; Huldah prophesied to King Josiah; Hannah spoke of Christ to all that looked for redemption in Israel; the daughters of Philip prophesied or preached; to Priscilla, all the churches gave thanks; women were fellow labourers with the apostle Paul; and when at the Pentecost, the Spirit was poured forth on the disciples, men and women were collected together, and were filled with the Holy Ghost, and SPAKE as the Spirit gave them utterance, so fulfilling the old prediction, that in the latter days the sons and the *daughters* should prophecy. Right or wrong—and the objections urged from the language of the apostle, are certainly strong,—language that requires women to keep silence in the churches, and suffers not a woman to teach—such is the doctrine of the quakers, and holding such doctrines, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry became a minister of the Society of Friends. The funeral of her father was the first occasion when she publicly addressed an assembly, and those who heard her were greatly affected and edified. But her labours were not to be confined to the meeting-house, she had another way of preaching the gospel; she loved the gospel, and her earnest faithful devotion to the cause of true charity, her self-denying exertions for the benefit of those who were this world's castaways, spoke more forcibly than any platform eloquence. She was often engaged in gospel missions to various parts of England, and subsequently to a large extent, in Scotland, Ireland, and on the continent of Europe.

Hospitals, prisons, and lunatic asylums were always visited by her, when engaged in these missions. She possessed remarkable skill in adapting her words to the capacity of all. For the children at the school-house she had so pleasant and kind a way that their hearts leapt up with gladness. She carried consolation to the sufferer stretched on the sick bed, and the corrupt and hardened criminal would hang her head and weep, when the gentle tones and loving words of her who came in the name of a gentle loving master fell on the ear. The leading object of Mrs. Fry, however, was the amelioration of the condition of the prisoners in our gaols. Busy, bustling traffic, was ontside Newgate walls, people passed and repassed, each man and woman on their own errand, with hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, and none thought of those who languished within the walls. The condition of the female prisoners in Newgate was frightful, that portion of the prison which was allotted to them, presented a scene of the wildest disorder. Mrs. Fry heard of it. They were wretched, miserable, and poor, they were sunken in sin and pollution, all the better feelings of their nature dead within them; gambling, lying, drinking, swearing, fighting, surrounded by filth and corruption—but they were women. Mrs. Fry resolved to visit them. She was not to be turned from her purpose. She was not one of those whose charity must always be scented with rose water. The turnkey informed her that her purse, her watch, even her life would be endangered, but she resolved to go, and go alone. So she entered the gaol and was locked up with the disordered multitudes. She spoke in her dignified, gentle, powerful way, and as she spoke their fury was calmed, and their attention fixed. Her visits were again and again repeated. She pointed out the sin and folly of their course, but it was not done in the spirit of fault-finding; she proposed to them a variety of rules for the regulation of their conduct, and to these they gave their hearty consent, for Mrs. Fry never assumed the character of patron or censor, she was content to earn the name of friend.

Her first visit was remarkably interesting. She was shown into an apartment containing about 160 unhappy women, all gazing upon her with the utmost amazement.

"You seem unhappy," said Mrs. Fry, "you are in want of clothes; would you be pleased if some one were to come and relieve your misery?"

"Certainly," they replied, "but nobody cares for us, and where can we expect to find a friend?"

"I am come with a wish to serve you," she resumed, "and I think if you second my endeavours, I may be of use to you."

She spoke the language of peace, and when she was about to depart, the women thronged around her.

"You will never, never come again," said they.

"I will come again," she answered, and kept her word.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

No less illustrious is Miss Florence Nightingale—

"The dying
Looked up into her face as though indeed to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles;
Or such as hang by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter."

During the Crimean war the labours of this devoted woman were directed to the welfare of our wounded soldiers, huddled together, languishing in their rough

* "Notable Women." Dean and Son.

beds, destitute of comfort, and even necessary accommodation, crushed by the cold, unfeeling iron heel of Routine, and by the heavy murdering hand of Mismanagement. Influenced by the most sincere, charitable, and religious feeling, Miss Nightingale, and a few other ladies, gave themselves to the work of mercy, and wherever disease exhibited itself in its most dangerous form, there was that incomparable woman sure to be seen—a ministering angel.

"When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken, which, when she set forth from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine. I trust she may not earn her title to a higher, though sadder, appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health, can avoid misgivings lest she should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manner of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment with promptitude and decision of character."

Of the sublime courage which must have supported her during these solitary nocturnal rounds, we may judge by the slight sketch given in another place. Speaking of the frightful and sickening sounds and sights in the wards and corridors, he says :—"During the day little of this is heard, but when all is silent, and sleep has settled down upon the occupants of each ward and corridor, then rise at intervals upon the ear sounds which go straight to the heart of the listener. Now, it is the wasted skeleton, who fancies himself in the trench, or on the blood-stained ridge of the Inkerman valley, contending for dear life and the honour of his country. That ceases, and through the stillness comes the heavy moaning of another sufferer at grips with death. By-and-bye a patient in deep consumption has a fit of coughing; and so through the dreary hours the ear is arrested by expressions of suffering, which, heard in these huge establishments, have a terrible significance."

Merely to see her pass along was an inexpressible comfort to the men. "She would speak to me," said a poor fellow, writing home, "and nod and smile to many more; but she wouldn't do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds, but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content." In her rounds, to one she would administer words of consolation and hope; to another teach resignation, now cheering with a smile, or sympathizing with a sigh; ministering to the necessities of both mind and body of the sufferers, who, following her light, soft, footsteps, with their tear-begrimed eyes, bent to "kiss her shadow as it fell!" Such was her influence, that when men, frenzied by their wounds and disease, had worked themselves into a passionate refusal to submit to necessary operations, a few calm sentences of hers seemed at once to allay the storm, and the men would submit to the painful ordeal they had to undergo.

Of Florence Nightingale's personal appearance the author of "Scutari and its Hospital" gives a most interesting description. "Miss Nightingale," he says, "is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman, who may have seen, perhaps, rather more than thirty years of life: her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of personal beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten—pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and gives, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet, and rather reserved; still I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness I would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others, and constraint over herself; she seems to understand business thoroughly. Her nerve is wonderful. I have been with her at very severe operations: she was more than equal to the trial."

In the volume from which this extract is made we have not only the stories of Mrs. Fry and of Miss Nightingale, but of many others equally distinguished, —Hannah More, the worker in Christ's vineyard; Margaret Godolphin, the true Maid of Honour; Margaret Roper, the devoted daughter; Lucy Hutchinson, the perfect wife; Elizabeth Bunyan, the faithful helpmate; the Countess of Huntingdon, servant of God, and Anne Clifford, the dispenser of charity.

Florence Nightingale.

MISS MARSH.

But there is one name which deserves particular notice, a name conspicuous by its absence in this group of ministering women. We allude to Miss Marsh, whose self-denying labours among the navvies at Sydenham were blest with so much success. Fearlessly she went among the roughest of rough excavators, not dreading the contact of the fustian jacket or smock frock: not shrinking from the discomfort, annoyance, and probable rudeness of men who could scarcely be expected to entertain a chivalrous feeling for her sex, or respect for her mission: but she was successful.

"The ragged rock oft holds within its bosom,
Deep hidden, a fount of sweet and living waters
That needs but the soft power of some meet influence
To call it gushing forth;—thus, too, the heart
Of many a rough neglected child of labour,
When gently touched by the mild words of kindness,
Is found to be a source whence flow, all penteously,
Trust, gratefulness, and truth, and those sweet sympathies
That make man loved and lovely."

In the year 1853, a large number of railway excavators, amounting, at length, to nearly three thousand, were gotten from different parts of the kingdom, to work on the grounds of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Many of these lodged in the village of Beckenham, and there Miss Marsh commenced her labours. The story of that work of faith and labour of love has been admirably and modestly related by herself.* She wrought upon these rough, untutored men—awoke the dormant manhood within him—and taught the blasphemer to pray, the drunkard to be temperate, the violent tractable, and the sceptic to lift the eye of faith to the crucified Redeemer. The engraving, which is printed on the first page of this number, represents Miss Marsh in one of her daily visits to the navvies. Miss Marsh says,—"In my daily visits to the men at their dinner-time, whilst gladdened to see them run up the side of the "cutting" at the sight of a friend, like bees swarming up a hive, often does my heart ache to have no planks to offer them to rest their wearied limbs upon, as they seat themselves three deep, of twenty or thirty in a line, in grass almost as wet as a pond, and when concern is expressed, the usual reply is, 'Well, if it is good enow for you to stand in, it is good enow for we to sit in, and better than the mud in the cutting anyhow. But a bit of a shed over our heads, when it is raining, would save many a poor fellow from catching of the rheumatics, whilst he's a sitting still."

"That 'shed' is our vision of comfort, our *chateau en Espagne*; and I hope we shall have it in reality before another winter sets in.

"And here I must just mention, that the navvies never seemed to be disturbed by these dinner-time visits, or to eat their meals less heartily; on the contrary, polite enquiries are made, if the plan has been interrupted for a few days, 'S'pose you have been to the gang at the other end of the line, ma'am, as we hav'nt seen you here for a bit.'"

The success of Miss Marsh has been very encouraging; and the story of her labours—and that of the labours of all those who have been or are working in God's vineyard—are calculated to awaken interest and to quicken zeal. Only a woman! When is there a woman, inspired by love, cannot accomplish for the sinful, the sorrowing, and the suffering?

* "English Hearts and English Hands," or, the Railway and the Trenches." Nisbet & Co.

THE PATH OF VIRTUE.

The simple, but beautiful lines, which I have printed in clear type and hung up in most of my rooms, were composed by a friend, who, a few years back, came in contact with many who were cast down and despondent about outward events; and she felt they might, if circulated, bring about good results; and from my own experience, of having them constantly before me, I am led to think that they are peculiarly fitted for the pages of "The British Workwoman Out and at Home." They will press her onwards; they will, from time to time, serve to remind her that she is not working *alone*, and that duty, however irksome it may be, if entered upon in the right

"With cheerful feet your path of duty run,
God never does nor suffers TO BE DONE,
But what you would do yourself,
Could you but see the end of all events
As well as HE."

frame of mind, will surely bring its own blessed reward. We would say to the working woman, rest not satisfied with these lines but let them lead you on to prayer. Pray daily, that you may "*cheerfully* accomplish His will in all things," and, that, whatsoever your hands may find to do, you may do it heartily as to the Lord, not to man." You will then find that many difficulties will vanish away, and that your daily life is more in harmony with the will of God, and that Love is influencing you both "Out and at Home;" and that you will, in consequence, have much more influence in your family circle and those you are thrown with. And the ways of God, though they may appear to be against you, that yet they are just, what is best for you, and such as you would pray they might be, could you but see them as He, the Father of our humanity, sees them! Let every Workwoman the last month of this year make it a special subject of prayer that they may more "*cheerfully*" enter into His will in all things!

S. J.

A ROUGH DOSE.

"Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn: and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed."
Shakespeare.

Mrs. Lawrence Williams was an invalid!

In one brief sentence were comprised all the domestic miseries of Lawrence Williams, who had given, fourteen years before our story commences, his heart, hand, and honest love to the lady bearing his name. Poor Lawrence! His hopes of happiness faded slowly year by year before the tyrant who held his wife chained to her sofa or bed from New Year's day till Christmas. He was an upright, simple-minded man, this cousin of mine, about whom I write, yet withal shrewd, and not easily imposed upon, and when I came to spend a few weeks in his particularly uncomfortable residence, he opened his heart to me. We had been companions and confidants in childhood and youth—indeed until his marriage took him from his native town—so I could listen and understand.

"You see how it is, Lizzie," he said, one morning, as he came into the library where I was sitting; "my home is not fit to invite you into."

"Why, Larry!" I said, surprised to see his genial face so overcast, "what a doleful face!"

"And a doleful heart, Lizzie! For the last ten years I have not had a meal in comfort. My children are neglected, my home wretched, ill-trained servants rule the house, and were it not for—for—Oh, Lizzie, what can I do! I love Mary, and this is all that keeps me from absolutely running away. I have thought of getting a housekeeper, but she resents that as a positive insult."

"But, Larry, if she is sick"—

He interrupted me,

"It pains me more than I can express to say so, Lizzie, but Mary is not so sick as she fancies. I have no doubt that she suffers; for who can be idle for weeks together, and not feel weak and miserable. But she is never too ill for a party, recovers rapidly when at the opera, and can attend to a tea-party with perfect ease, but is too ill to see to her house, her husband, or her children."

It was all true. Five days' residence in the house gave me a complete insight into Mary's character. She was a blonde, who in her days of girlhood was very pretty, but who, in her now neglected dress, with languid movements and sleepy, half opened eyes, was far from lovely. Her natural indolence, overcome by her love for her husband in the first years of their married life, had degenerated into a laziness that took advantage of every trifling ailment to keep up weeks of invalid privileges. At times shame would drive her into trying to rectify some of the abuses of which her husband justly complained; but the over-exertion at such times, acting upon a system weakened by long spells of inertness, produced pain and actual suffering, that formed for her an admirable excuse for "letting things go." Her children, dirty and ragged, left entirely to the care of servants, were fast becoming vicious. With a heavy heart, I watched my cousin's course. His love of order outraged, his paternal feelings violated, his complaints met with threats or murmurings, he was becoming desperate. Mary's favourite weapon was a fainting fit, and a gloomy appeal to his feelings.

"I cannot live long; and when I am gone you will regret such cruelty;" she would sigh, if he remonstrated; and then a flood of tears, or a faint, would bring his kind heart to penitence, and a promise to try to "get along."

Another trial was the dear intimate friend of the invalid, a Miss Elvira Jenkins, who revenged herself for the bad taste that left her a lonely maiden, by violent abuse of the whole male sex. Upon Mary she lavished her pity and sympathy, and did not spare her tongue in opinions of Larry's hard-hearted cruelty in expecting this suffering angel to exert herself. My cousin and myself were both convinced that if Miss Elvira were once removed, Mary's better sense and feelings might prompt her to a reformation. At last, a plan suggested itself to me, and I in solemn confidence, imparted it to Larry.

"Lizzie," he cried aghast, "it is too cruel!

"Harsh medicine must be used, when mild ones fail," I said resolutely.

"But, Lizzie, to hint at such a possibility."

"Doesn't she speak of it every day?"

"He paced up and down the room with much agitation. Finally, stopping in front of me, he said: "I'll try it!"

The following morning I was in Mary's room' removing from a stand the breakfast things, when Larry came in.

"Coffee all cold, and weak as water," he said in a sulky way, without any of his customary kind words for his wife.

"Shall I make you a cup of coffee?" I asked.

"No," he answered roughly; "you were not invited here to wait on me. If the house were properly managed, there would be coffee fit to drink served on the table."

"O dear!" whined Mary, "I am sure the servants do as well as can be expected, left so much to themselves."

"They need not be left to themselves."

"Oh, Larry, this eternal song is killing me. You complain all the time. I'm sure it is not my fault that I am a poor, suffering invalid," here she began to grow pathetic; "I wish I was a hearty, strong woman like Lizzie, and could make you comfortable. I'm sure I love you too much to have you uncomfortable if I was able to prevent it." Here Larry would have softened, but I looked daggers at him. "Bear it for a little while, Lawrence; I am sure it will not be long before I die—I am so delicate"—this was between sobs—"and these scenes—wear on my constitution—you will soon be rid of me—and then—when your harshness has driven me—to the grave—you will repent of it—but—I—forgive you"—and then the hysterics came on.

Larry waited patiently till she was quiet again, and then, with a perfection of acting that would have made his fortune on the stage, he stepped coolly to the mirror and began to brush his hair.

"Mary," he said, quietly, not turning his head, "do you really think you will die soon?"

With utter amazement at the matter-of-fact tone, Mary said, "Yes!"

"Well, so you've said a number of times, and I've been thinking it over lately. I think, after you are gone, allowing of course a decent time for mourning, that it will be my duty to the children to marry again."

"What?" The word came from the bed with the force of a pistol shot.

"You see I am still young and good looking, and I shall try to select a healthy active partner, who will make my house a home, and be truly a *mother* to the children. A woman who loves me, will, of course, take pride in my home and family, and I can, I know, make her happy. There is a fund of love in my heart for the woman who really loves me."

Poor Mary was sitting up, with straining eyes and pale face. "Lawrence!" she gasped. Then, with a sickening fear that her husband's long-tried affections had in reality strayed from her, she said, "Who!"

"Well, I was thinking," he said, "of Miss Elvira Jenkins. She is accustomed to the children, and knows my ways, and if you could exert yourself, Mary, and show her round the house a little"—

He was interrupted by a well-aimed pillow flying straight at his head. Mary was crimson with fury. Bottles, spoons, glasses followed the pillow.

"So! that's what she comes here for, is it? To make love to the most cruel, false-hearted man that ever lived! You've made all your arrangements, have you?"—here a bottle of lavender water smashed the mirror. "You'd be very glad to have me die and leave her a clear field"—a tablespoon took Larry in one eye—"but I won't! I won't! I won't!" The last word was a scream, and Mary, utterly exhausted, fell back, this time in a real fainting fit. Lawrence, all penitence, would have ruined all by staying to coax her back to amiability, but I drove him from the house. My patient recovered with a flood of tears. Gravely, yet kindly, I tried to make her realise the full error of her life, and, softened by the horrible fear that she was really losing the love of her kind, indulgent husband, she made many vows of amendment.

It was a long day's work we did, and when Lawrence came home his eyes fairly shone with pleasure. The well-spread tea-table was covered with nicely-arranged dishes, a spotless cloth, and clear glass, silver, and china. His two little girls, in simple but neat dresses, were in the room, but his eyes rested on his wife.

Flushed by exercise and agitation, Mary's cheeks and eyes were bright as of old. She wore a light blue dress, with snowy collar and sleeves, and her soft blonde hair was arranged in wide becoming braids. With a quiet grace, though her hand trembled with excitement, she presided over the table, and led the conversation to indifferent subjects. The evening was spent in the long-unoccupied parlour, where the piano did good service in giving fingers the power to take the place of talk. It was not till after the children had retired that Mary went up to her husband. He was standing by the fireplace looking at her with fond eyes. She stole into his arms, whispering, "Forgive me, Larry!"

"My wife! My own dear Mary!"

I crept away with eyes full of tears.

Two years later, I visited them again. A neat well-ordered household, and quiet, well-behaved, well-dressed children, bore witness to Mary's reform; while she assures me that when, as often occurs, she is prostrated by real sickness, no kindness can exceed that paid her by Larry. Miss Jenkins has retired in disgust, not relishing the cure effected by the "rough dose."

[We have taken this interesting lesson-tale from a new magazine—the third number of which is lying before us. It is both a pleasing and instructive work, and withal very cheap, and entitled "The International Magazine." Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

SONGS OF HOME.—No. 2.

THE CHRISTMAS WELCOME HOME.

Tune—"*Home, Sweet Home.*"

Come, brothers and sisters, where'er ye have been,
Whatever of labour or care ye have seen,
When night-shades shall gather, and darkness shall come,
Oh, hasten where love's lamps shall welcome ye home.
Home, home, dear Christmas, home,
Oh, hasten to spend merry Christmas at home.

Come, come, bright-eyed children, by the warm hearth to throng,
Let me hear your young voices swell high the sweet song;
Let me hear the light patter of quick little feet,
Come, dear ones, where mirth, love, and happiness meet.
Home, home, dear Christmas, home.
Oh, hasten to spend merry Christmas at home.

Come, thou who'rt the nearest, the dearest, and best,
Come, bring thy kind smile to the calm hour of rest,
Come, lighten the home that is dark without thee,
Oh, come, for the present is sunshine to me.
Home, home, dear Christmas, home.
Oh, hasten to spend merry Christmas at home.

Come, hasten ye home, we will merrily sing,
And the jest shall pass round, and the laughter shall ring,
And our home shall be full of the true and the fair,
And the Highest will list to our praise and our prayer.
Home, home, hasten home.
Oh, hasten to spend merry Christmas at home.

M. F.

WEEPING O'ER THE LIVING DEAD.

"James Stirling, when a lad, was hired by the landlord of the 'Kirkhouse' as herd-boy. This public-house was so called because it adjoined the kirk, or church-yard, of Strathblane. The landlord of the Kirk-house was a coarse, swearing sot; but his wife was a quiet, pious, broken-hearted woman. She could not bear the drunken brawls that frequently took place in her dwelling, and Stirling thus touchingly described a scene he often witnessed there.

"Many a long summer day," he says, "she sat on the grave-stones weeping, rather than listen to the oaths and curses of the drunkards. But, alas! her daughters were not so; they mingled with all who came, till they were ruined. I thought at that time my mistress was weeping for the dead who lay in peace around in the church-yard; but I have since learned that it was for the living within her own house."—*Memoir of James Stirling.*

Mothers, Wives, Sisters, henceforth let us do more than weep; let us ABSTAIN TOTALLY; and then, with God's help, we shall, by the silent, powerful influence of example, banish from our homes that which makes fiends of our husbands, sots of our brothers, and prepares the way for the ruin of our daughters.

God is on our side, in our stand against the drinking customs that cradle and nurse intemperance.

Let us be earnest and brave. "If God be for us who can be against us?"

E. A.

THE

PRESENT AND FUTURE AVOCATIONS OF WOMEN.—No. 2.

THERE are many puzzling questions involving great interests. Questions that cannot be answered easily, nor without deep thought. Still, when public opinion is aroused, and public attention fully drawn toward any subject, it is morally certain that it will not remain permanently unanswered. The fertile brain will find a reply.

There are many, but not insuperable, difficulties in the way of a clear understanding of the subject we refer to—"The Present and Future avocations of Women." But as it is one in which the attention of the wise and good is now fairly enlisted, we may well expect present evils to give way to future good.

A very clever and interesting paper, by Miss Faithfull, was lately read at the Social Science Congress, on "The unfit employments in which women are engaged." Miss Faithfull has gone well into her subject so far; she has soundly rated the existing employments, but has failed to point out others. Perhaps it is easier to pull down than to build up.

Her paper should be read carefully and pondered over by every philanthropist. A little thought upon her assertions will surely bring a blush to every honest face. For instance she says:—

"In the census of 1851, 7,000 women are returned under the head of miners. These consist for the most part of those who dress the ores in the Cornish and Welsh mines, and who, in the coal districts, receive the tubs at the pits-mouths. Hundreds of women are employed as common labourers in the coke works and coal pits at Wigan."

Not the most suitable employment surely for the "*weaker* sex!"

"Not much less objectionable, and perhaps not less laborious, is the employment of many Devonshire and Cornish women, in preparing the clay which is to be converted into porcelain. In connection with this we may mention the heavy and exposed occupation of the brickfield, in which many hundreds of women are employed. The business of the brick-making women is to take the bricks, as formed in the mould, and lay them on the ground in rows for drying, and when dried to assist in the process of walling. Sometimes they work barefooted in the wet clay. Sometimes they have to walk over hot pipes, so destructive to shoe leather, that they resort to galoches, as being less ruinously expensive. Any one passing the scene of this labour cannot but be painfully struck with the appearance of the women so engaged. It is to be hoped that the prejudice now entertained by many brickmakers against the introduction of brickmaking machinery, may, soon be overcome, and women may thus be excluded from so undesirable an occupation."

A wish in which we cordially unite; only, it is of no use to take away existing employments without providing others. Doubtless the meagre wages for such arduous work are necessary, or the poor creatures would no longer do it. If we take away the means of subsistence, what is to be done with them?

"Numbers of women living in Liverpool, walk three or four miles every morning to farms on the Earl of Sefton's estate, the time of arrival being six in the summer months, and seven in the winter. They spend the day in weeding, hoeing, and the digging of potatoes, picking stones out of the soil, or spreading manure, as the case may be. When night comes they are rewarded with a shilling (!) and commence their dreary walk home more dead than alive, having, during this day of toil had no refreshment, except the little bread brought with them in the morning!"

We are glad it does not fall to our lot to distribute that shilling! Yet even these women are not so poorly off as some of their sisters.

"Women living in wretched hovels on the Dublin hills, obtain a miserable subsistence by carrying into the town immense loads of sand, by which they earn sixpence or eightpence a day. A number of Liverpool women are employed in this sand business, who prefer carrying a hundred weight of sand, and shouting it through the streets till sold, to depending upon chance charity." All honour to them!

"Hawking throughout the country furnishes a very large number of women with occupation, such as the sale of fish, fruit, and hardware. The number of women engaged in street sale in London alone is estimated at, from twenty-five to thirty thousand, and their average earnings vary from 2s. 6d., to 4s. a week. This kind of labour is not so bad as some others, though many objections might be urged against it, such as the continued strain caused by the heavy baskets carried by the women on their heads, under which they must struggle on, until relieved of a portion of the burden by the slow process of very small sales; the repeated calls they are obliged to make at public-houses, and the vagrant habits induced by such a mode of life."

Nail-making is a common employment for women, particularly in the district around Wigan, where women may also be seen working the canal boats, opening the locks, and even with the boat line across their shoulders, drawing the boats."

Many hundreds of women and girls are employed in the lower and dirtier departments of the factories on the Tyne. In chemical works, glass-houses, rope-works, paper-mills, glue-works, earthenware-factories, nail-works, tobacco-manufactories, as well as in brickyards, nursery-gardens, and field-work, women are largely employed in this district, and almost always in the lowest and dreariest drudgery, such as feeding machines, counting nails, sorting dirty rope, packing white and red lead. The wages range from 10d., or less, to 1s. 6d. a day, and this in a locality where the lowest male wages are half-a-crown a day; extra money can be earned by working overtime, at the rate of a penny per hour. The consequences of such abject poverty are such as might be expected.

It would be a marvel indeed if such poor women could keep themselves respectable—if they were anything but degraded, immoral creatures. How could they be otherwise? If a woman, who does as much work as a man were paid the same wages, her position would at least be materially ameliorated. Miss Faithfull has well said, "To the fitness of any employment for women, it is at least necessary that it should be sufficiently remunerative to enable them to live in decency, if not in comfort."

Miss Faithfull has classed among the unfit employments of women, that of "killing time," or "making themselves happy," which is about the only occupation of many hundreds of women.

Altogether it is a very clever paper; still it is impossible to read it without feelings of a very painful character. And the question as to the future avocations of women remain untouched.

We must leave some suggestions for a future paper, earnestly entreating qualified opinions. In the mean time God protect the weak! God speed the right!

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.—No. 2.

ADDRESSED TO

FEMALE HANDICRAFT WORKERS.

DUTY TO SELF.

Be careful in all things to set forth a worthy pattern for imitation.

IN YOUR PERSON.—Be scrupulously clean and neat. Tawdry ribbons, artificial flowers, gay colours—all the straining after fashion—ill-become persons in your position: plain, neat, and suitable attire should always be preferred to anything of a showy character.

IN YOUR HABITS be regular and methodical, neither in over haste nor slow; in making your toilet, in arranging your work, in discharging every duty be precise: habits of this kind are always safe and creditable.

IN YOUR SPEECH be careful to avoid all vulgarisms and slang words, all improper expressions; endeavour to say all you have to say so clearly that no one can misunderstand you, so considerately that no one can take offence.

IN THE WORK OF THE SHOP be equally industrious, whether your engagement be by time or by the work you accomplish, let it be your fixed rule always to do as much as you can consistently with the attention which the work requires.

IN THE SELECTION OF COMPANIONS be friendly with all, but intimate with few. Form no association with the flippant and the careless, and especially be careful in forming any acquaintanceship with young men. Flirting, courting, sweetheartings, whatever name you call it by, is sure to be carried on to a great extent where a number of young women, going in and out must occasionally be brought in contact with the young men of the establishment. Be exceedingly cautious how you act in this matter—to hope for a home, to aspire to wife-hood, is free from blame, but be sure that you place your affection on a worthy man, and not on one who is only amusing himself without a thought of marriage in his mind.

IN THE EMPLOYMENT OF LEISURE engage in useful work, or in the reading of instructive books: improve your education: facilities for so doing are now so numerous, that negligence cannot take refuge under the plea of no means. Cheap and good books are plentiful. But be most careful to avoid places of evening resort where so many of our young workwomen find entertainment and ruin. Casinos, and the like, are traps for the unwary, avoid them as you would the pit of hell.

IN SEEKING TO DO GOOD avoid all ostentation; speak the word in season; seek, if practicable to draw one or other of your companions into the path of heavenly wisdom; invite them to attend the house of God; lend, to such as will receive them, appropriate tracts, and be incessant in prayer to God on their behalf. So shall you be made a blessing to them, and the blessing shall descend upon your own soul also.—Read Psalm xxxiv. 13, 14, 15.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A highly-esteemed and very popular Preacher of the Gospel has thus encouraged us in our labours:—

"The design of your Periodical is every way praiseworthy, and if you are able to bring out, month by month, a number as attractive in appearance, and with articles as varied and interesting as that now before me, you will be sure to exert a wide and happy influence among the class whose weal you have at heart. I wish you success most cordially."

Our most grateful thanks are presented to the following kind friends for their obliging and prompt response to our calls for aid in circulation:—To—Grant, Esq., Messrs. Bryant and May, Miss Mansfield, Mr. J. M. Howley, W. B. K., Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Nowell Watkins, Mr. Mansell, Miss Arts, Miss Jessie Boncherett, Mrs. Meredith, Miss Cash, E. A., and Miss J.

Books received:—"PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS." By SARAH TYTLER. (Alexander Strahan & Co.)—"THE BOOK OF FAVOURITE STORIES." (Charles Griffin & Co.)—"A FEW HINTS ON PARENTAL DISCIPLINE." (J. B. Bateman.)—"HINTS ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS." By ALFRED A. SANDERSON (Dawson.)—"THE MOTHER'S MISSION," THE YOUNG MOTHER." (C. Caswell.)

JANET.—We think the following suggestions exceedingly valuable, and cannot be surpassed—Try them! "If a wife wants to have a neat house and a good husband, she should keep at home, and, instead of gossiping with her neighbours, employ herself diligently in mending and making for her husband and children, always ready to welcome him at meal time, or after his work, with good temper, with an appearance of tidiness about her house, with a clean person, clean children, clean floor, clean furniture, clean hearth, clean fireplace, bright grate, bright tins, and the family meals nicely and punctually prepared. Let a good wife be saving in expenditure, and avoid the pawn-shop and the hawking pedlar or tallyman, and she will seldom want the means, not only of keeping her family out of debt, but also of going with ready money to the best markets, and buying everything she wants to the best advantage."

Several Correspondents express great interest in the "British Workwoman," and inquire how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

1st. By *distributing our Prospectus as widely as possible*, and shewing the work among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of Prospectuses for this purpose, free of expense.

2nd. By purchasing for distribution (free or otherwise, according to circumstances), and thereby promoting the sale of the work in their own localities or circles.

Packets of the "BRITISH WORKWOMAN" may be sent to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, Shetland and Orkney Isles, France, or Belgium, POST FREE, as under—

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It is Better to Cry over your Goods than after them;

OR,

SHE THAT PAWNS ONCE BUYS TWICE.

When first you put away your belongings in pawn, take my word for it, you put away more than your gown, or your husband's coat, or your bedding, or your clock, or whatever else it may be, for you put away with them your nice sense of honesty, your spirit of sturdy independence, your resolution to battle with the ills of life, and to conquer them, your perseverance, your energy, your self-reliance.

* * * *

"There is nothing, to my way of thinking, that is sooner lost, or harder to find again, than the spirit of straightforward, honest independence. It is like the down on a butterfly's wing. You may rub it off in no time, but he would be a clever workman as could put it on again."

A BUNDLE OF HOUSEHOLD PROVERBS.

There is no Mirth Good but with God.

Store is No Sore.

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.

Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds.

More are Drowned in Beer than in Water.

It is Better to Cry over your Goods than after them.

When Poverty Comes in at the Door, Love Flies out at the Window.

Use the Means, and Trust to God for the Blessing.

Pay as You Go, and Keep from Small Score.

Marry in Haste, and Repent at Leisure.

It is Never Too Late to Learn.

Well Begun is Half Done.

[A charming, useful series of Tracts, illustrating these beautiful Household Proverbs are being published by Messrs. Shaw & Co. We feel it quite our duty to recommend them to the earnest attention of our readers, believing that great good may be derived from their perusal and distribution. They are very cheap, and are well got up.]

Use the Means, And trust to God for the Blessing;

OR,

ELLEN SIMONS' FIRST PLACE.

"Wait a bit, my child," said Molly, with one of her kind smiles. "Take my word for it, all is not gold that glitters. A tired body may be bad to bear, but it is nothing to the pain of a wearied heart."

* * * * *

"Ah," said Mrs. Turner, "so long as you live in the world, you must have an eye to the main chance." —"There you and I are quite of a mind," replied Mrs. Simons. "The only point on which we differ is, as to what we mean by having an eye to the main chance. It seems to me, you may keep such a bright look out on things present, as quite to blind you to things future; and, to my way of thinking, that is a mistake."

Pay as you Go, And keep from Small Score.

If there is truth in the old proverb, "Short reckonings are soon cleared," there is truth likewise in the reverse side, and that there is nothing so difficult to settle as an account that has been allowed to run on, till, like a Yorkshire pie, you hardly know what it is made up of, when may be a little of that which is not the true thing finds its way in under cover of the right flavour.

"It is better to go to bed supperless, than to rise in debt. It is better to pay, and have but little left, than to have much, and be always in debt."

Marry in Haste, And Repent at Leisure.

"Nine fools will not make one wise woman," replied Mrs. Jenkins, with a smile; "and I think no right-minded girl should ever give her consent to being married till she can see a reasonable prospect of being able to do her duty by her husband and her children. You might as well expect the pot to boil if you put it on the grate with no fire under it, as to look to a woman being able to keep a comfortable home over her husband's head, if the means are lacking of enabling her to do so.

* * * * *

"He would be uncommon good at summing, as could write the word, 'Enough,' in such plain figures as every body could add them up."

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